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# G

# The Lehigh

# GOBLET

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY  
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HOUSEPARTY ISSUE 25c



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THE BEST TEACHER**  
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IN CIGARETTES!  
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Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

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# GOBLET

**Lehigh  
University**



**Spring  
Houseparty**

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## LETTERS TO THE GOBLET

Dear Haditer,

I am gung Lehigh Houseparty because in Lower Slobbovia is being ver cold. Even in Upper Lower Slobbovia things are gung bad. The peasants are gattung hogly. Nowhere is being the warnith and gayety I am accus-tomed to. yet. At Lehigh is being this. There the summer palace is not snow-bound. That is why I ham gung to Lehigh houseparty.

Lena the Hyena

\* \* \*

Dear Editor,

When I founded Lehigh University it was supposed to be strictly a men's school. Everytime a woman steps on campus I turn over in my grave. I'll be at South Mountain this weekend to put an end to all this stuff that has given me the nickname "Whirly"!

Asa Packer

\* \* \*

Dere Sir,

I'm goin to yer houseparty becuz I wuz invited there by a collitch fella. One night our shift got outta steel oily. but some of us who wuz less oily than the rest went out to the Green Pines. Gee whiz. when those Lehigh fellas walked in we thought they wuz sissies but mine wuz real cute. He knew real funny stories. and I laughed and laughed all the time. I had collitch fellas all wrong.

He rode me home in a real cute car, and gee did we have fun. He tole me he luv me. but I wuddnt believe him. Then he tol me he wud take me to yer houseparty. And I thot no col-litch fella wud ever luv me cuz I puddle steel.

When I seen in the paper that you wuz havin this here houseparty I knowd he wuznt kidden. Boy will he ever be surprised when I show up at the Rho Dammit Rho house on Friday night.

Yers fer fun,  
Rhoda Rapscazxitysxz

Two friends were talking. One told the other of "a good man" who died and left thirty thousand dollars. "What a pity", said the other, "that he left it behind when he might have sent it on ahead. He is not likely now ever to hear of it again".



Harold (speaking to Dorothy):  
"You're a dear, sweet girl, Anna—"

Dorothy: "Anna!"

Harold: "Don't interrupt. I said you are a dear, sweet girl—anna love you with all my heart."



A farmer whose clock had run down was sending his boy to town to get the correct time.

"But, Pa, I can't bring the right time. I have no watch."

"What do you want a watch for? If you can't remember, write it down on a piece of paper."



Aviator: First one wing came off and then the other, and—

Sweet but Dumb: Oh-h-h-h, then what did you do?

Aviator: I grabbed for the drum-stick and helped myself to some white meat, too.



Upper Crust: A lot of crumbs held together by their own dough.





# Introduction to Houseparty . . .

Welcome to Lehigh University, girls, we're glad you came up to see our etchings!

We hope you realize that we aren't accustomed to having women roaming all over the campus. Consequently, if you see any of us running around frothing at the mouth, don't be alarmed. As long as you have your brass knuckles with you there is nothing to worry about.

Upon arriving at your escort's fraternity house or dormitory, the confusion probably reminds you of rush hour on the subway. Everybody is running around in circles and within several minutes, you are introduced to umpteen people, none of whom you remember five minutes later. You manage to fight your way out of the crowd and retreat to the comparative safety of the second floor where you find a place to unpack your steamer trunks and reserve a sack for yourself. You then go to great pains making yourself the most beautiful creature in the world, and after topping things off by squandering a few drops of your treasured Chanel No. 5, you are at last prepared to greet your dreamboy. You descend the stairs and with much grace and poise enter the living room where he grabs you by the hair, mumbles something about a north wind and the steel works, and drags you down to the Tally-Ho or another one of the more exclusive ice cream parlors of the south side.

Sometime before midnight your escort finally downs his last Trevlac Drol soda, and you set out in the direction of Grace Hall, where those two famous hillbilly bands are playing for the Senior Ball. For the next two or three hours, you are beaten about the dance floor until you dis-

cover there are two painful stumps where your feet had been. The last thing you remember is hearing the orchestra play its theme song as that familiar voice whispers several words about a place called "The Lookout."

Saturday, you wake up a few minutes before noon, wondering why you do not have the d.t.'s or at least a little headache. After taking a nice cold shower and dressing you begin looking for what is left of your date. You finally find him blindly wandering about with his trusty bottle opener tightly clasped in his right hand and a glass of Bromo in his left.

Following lunch and a brief visit to the Tally-Ho for some Freon, the next stop is Steel Field where you are nearly dehydrated while watching Lehigh's vastly superior baseball team play rings around Gettysburg. However, in the last inning Gettysburg gets a few lucky breaks and manages to nose out Lehigh, 34-0. You then return to the Tally-Ho, where the game is replayed with more pleasing results.

About nine o'clock, you suddenly realize that dinner was served at six, but after your date explains the advantages of a liquid diet, you forget your worries and take off in search of some vitamins. Whether or not you find the vitamins is entirely dependent upon several variables, including your date's wallet.

Sunday morning you decide it's time to reform, so you hide your date's bottle until he promises to take you to the chapel service. Your scheme works, but you never do get

**HELLO GIRLS!** *This sure enough is an introduction to houseparty, but not today's. A weekend at the pre-war Lehigh was really lost — and any similarity between houseparty then and now is purely coincidental.*

by John Treichler

to the service because your date is unable to find Packer Memorial Chapel. The rest of the day is spent moping around the house until train time, when you say goodbye in your special way, bringing to an end another houseparty.



An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed only in a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped. "Well, what are you waiting for, autumn?"

\* \* \*

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story  
Bawdy and lewd from the start  
But mine, people said, was pornographic

And Chaucer's was classical art.

Chaparral

\* \* \*

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge."  
"You dope, you don't need a fifth for bridge."

"Well, make it a pint then."





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**HOME MADE PASTRIES**

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QUICK  
COURTEOUS  
SERVICE

**Always Open**

Phone Bethlehem 7-4211



Partying RPI (leaning over the fence): "Whatsa matter, Joe? Weak sssstomach?"

Joe: "Weak 'ell — I'm gettin' asmush dishtance ash you are."

*Pup*

## HOME DECORATING COMPANY

Thinking about painting  
your dorm room.



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Girls when they went out to swim,  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;  
Now they have a bolder whim.  
They dress more like her cupboard.

*Widow*



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"Oh, mother, may I take a swim?"  
"Why not, my darling daughter,  
you're so damn near naked anyhow,  
you'd be safer in the water."

*—Voo Doo*

## Quality Supply Company

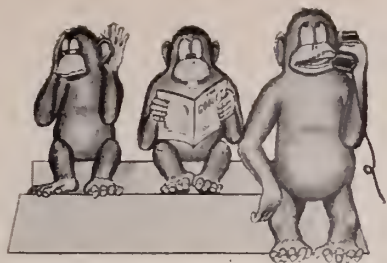
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# MONKEYSHINES

I'm sitting alone in the *Goblet* office the other night when this monkey waltzes in and begins yelling something about "... picture on last month's cover."

"But you're just a figmet of the imagination!" I explain.

"Just a figment, hell!" he yells smashing an ink bottle against the framed portrait of the discipline committee that hangs in the place of honor. "I'll make it hot for you!"

"You'll make it hot for me!" I reply reverently mopping off the portrait.

"Not only that, but I could change this rag into a real mag!" sneers the simian.

"Commence, you long tailed lout," I shoot back.

"Well, in the first place you need a mascot. A small furry animal perhaps. The old *Bachelor* had a rabbit. M.I.T.'s *VooDoo* has a black cat. R.P.I.s got a pup. Georgia Tech has a bee. Williams has a purple cow. And what have you got?"

I start to show him a strategically placed birthmark that had always been good for a few laughs up till then, but he cuts me short.

"Well . . ." I begin, "where could we obtain such an animal?"

"Oh you're such a child! Why look any further? Where else could you find a smart, clean-cut, intelligent, friendly, industrious, little mascot, combining all the virtues of a bon-vivant, dilettante, gourmet, gourmand, and tra-peze artist?"

"You mean . . ." I ask.

"You are thinking maybe of Lassie?" he retorts with a shy blush as he commences hanging from his tail and scratching vigorously at his left ear.

"But we've hardly met," I say blushing.

"To know me is to love me!" he explains diffidently.

I begin itching all over but try again.

"I don't even know your name."

"Stop rationalizing! You can call me Gus."

"Gus? Yeah, Gus . . . Gus Goblet . . . say that's all right!" I conclude.

"Stop patting yourself on the back, peanut brain, if I'm gonna run this sheet we go work to do! Now first of all we gotta start using the ol' sex angle."

"SEX!" I scream.

"Yeah, you know—leg art, cheesecake, girls, drollery, risqué stories . . ."

"Gus," I yell at him, "you want to get me bounced? At Lehigh we never think of those things—in print!"

" . . . and then we oughta get in a few good digs at the *Brown and White*!" he concludes with a leer.

"But they're our friends, Gus! We shouldn't criticize them now, when they're trying to make a comeback. It's like hitting a guy when he's down!"

"Whatta ya turning soft? Did they think of you guys when they swiped your printer and made you come out late last issue? No, they laughed about it! You know what you oughta do—you oughta just go ahead and reveal that silly scandal that Zacheria was crowin' about!"

"But, Gus . . ."

"And another thing—who's this Quadowitz character that keeps popping up in the *Goblet*?"

"Omar Quadowitz," I begin brightly, "typifies the average Lehigh student. Ever since his first appearance in the *Bachelor* he has been the personification for the clean-cut young red-blooded American type student who has constantly been attracted to the excellent scholastic opportunities offered here at South Mountain."

"I'm warnin' ya now, can 'im! And since warnings have come up I'm telling you now that if you expect to keep any readers you damn well better tell how that 'Roval Flush' story ended up. Page thirty-three! Whose bright idea was that?"

"For once you're right monkey-face," I concede, "but it wasn't our fault. *Brown and White* agents managed to swipe the last page of the manuscript but we've got it back now and I'll read it to you—

*"The only thing left to do was bluff, and if he made one huge desperate bet—Big Charles might fold. If Lamoureux had been bluffing he might scare him out. If not—*

*Kellogg rapidly estimated his reserve. He had about fifteen hundred left. With a shudder he pushed them out into the pot, breathed "Raise you."*

*"Big Charles was startled into blinking. Slowly he reached out and"*

But just then one of the campus dogs wanders in and asks the way to the flag pole. Courteously I give him directions and am about to continue the narrative when I notice that Gus is in the process of leaving.

"Gus," I say, "why are you going? Don't you want to know how this turns out?"

So he stops, turns around real slow, and says, "Frankly, I don't give a damn if I don't see you, Lehigh, or the *Goblet* again! This place is too screwy for me! Who ever heard of a talking dog?"



\* \* \*

**JOE  
KINNEY**

ALIAS  
"Sam" Yennik

\* \* \*

SAME PLACE  
ANY TIME

"Tight clothing," said Confucius,  
"does not stop circulation. The tighter  
a girl's clothing, the more she circu-  
lates."

—Log

\* \* \*

Sign in a real estate office: "Get  
Lots While You're Young."

—Voo Doo

\* \* \*

Familiarity breeds attempt . . . . .

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The Oldest Pharmacy  
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Moravian Mints*

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Traveler: Quick, give me a round  
trip ticket!

Ticket Agent: Where to?

Traveler: Back here, you fool!

\* \* \*

Hunter—How do you detect an ele-  
phant?

Guide—By the faint odor of pea-  
nuts on its breath.

\* \* \*

Only one man in a thousand is a  
leader of men. The other 999 are fol-  
lowers of women.

***Foulsham***

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"Any old beer bottles for sale,  
lady?"

"Junk man, do I look as if I drank  
beer?"

"Any old vinegar bottles, lady?"

\* \* \*

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night  
because the window shade was up."

"Why didn't you pull it down?"

"Do you think I can reach across  
the street?"

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Popular and Classical  
Records in the Lehigh  
Valley. . . . .

Table Radios from . . . \$19.95



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proved helpful since you've taken  
him into the firm?"

"Oh, yes! We let him mix the cock-  
tails every time we have a confer-  
ence."

Air - Conditioned

**SWAN  
GRILL**

13 EAST FOURTH STREET



"Where friends  
of tomorrow  
meet today"

**BEER**

**WINE**

**LIQUOR**



# NEON NIGHTS

by Frank Contey

It is a known fact that the average Lehigh man doesn't drink—it is also a known fact that the Engineering department never gives out homework. This article, therefore, is dedicated to those of you who, over houseparty weekend, might want to drop into some of the local hot-spots around town for a ginger ale. After considerable research, the GBIC (Goblet Barroom Investigation Committee) has concluded that the following establishments have to a great degree prevented \$65 a month from going as far as it should.

It would be sheer treason to begin with any other bar except *Joe Kinney's*. Joe's has long been a favorite of Lehigh men, and here, after every athletic contest, the game is replayed over a pitcher of beer by all loyal fans. No doubt the main drawing card at Kinney's is the collegiate atmosphere. After your eyes become accustomed to the well-lit interior, if you grope your way around the room, you can see table-tops adorning the walls upon which are carved the names of former Lehigh men who passed the time drinking with Joe "on the house."

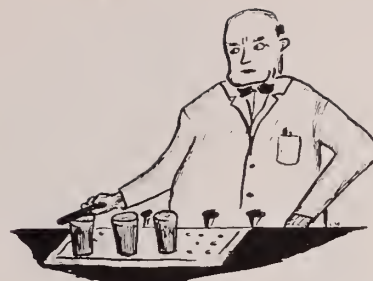
Next in line is the *Tally-Ho Tavern*, just down a few blocks from Joe's. The Tally-Ho is an example of one of those 'chummy type' places, with high wall booths allowing compara-

tive privacy. For a quiet evening to spend with a date, the Tally-Ho is a good bet, but that's as far as it goes. There is an ominous neon sign prominently displayed curtly advising all stags to stay at the bar and not to roam. The management stringently enforces this ruling and frowns on all student hell-raising. Naturally, these factors have not enhanced the popularity of the Tally-Ho, and it is usually not frequented by students except when necessary.



The *Swan Tavern* has lately come into popular favor since it was recently redecorated. The food is good and the liquor cheap, so, between 12-1, and 5-6, it is usually filled with students, who, at the same time attempt to eat dinner and size up the Steel Company stenographers who are found in abundance at nearby tables.

Still on the South Side are two habitats which will just be noted in passing, *Ted Pellagatta's* and the *Hawaiian Gardens*. Neither have too much to offer, Pellagatta's catering mainly to local clientele and being slightly on the stuffy side, and the



*Gardens* mentioned merely for its rather unique interior decoration. A jumble of palm leaves, coconuts, and what have you, all crammed into the converted livingroom of a private house, supposedly give the impression (by a great stretch of the imagination) of a Polynesian paradise.

Over on the North Side, we have bars of more the night-club variety, namely the *Pelican*, the *Casino*, and the *Colonnade*. The Pelican is a lively spot featuring the music of the Pelicanaires, with Charlynne as vocalist. There are two bars and a dimly-lit dance floor which are usually sprinkled with unescorted females. The good liquor and the music of the Pelicanaires combine to make a visit to the Pelican a good suggestion. If you wish to see what a bank remodeled into a night-club would look like, the Colonnade is worth investigating. The downstairs *Rumpus Room* boasts a rather long bar, shuffleboard tables, and a dance floor and is supposedly a place to do some very mild rumpus-raising. Upstairs consists of a large, ornately decorated, soft light, organ music type dining and drinking room. The only comment is to go to the Colonnade if you have nothing better to do.

The Casino is a hatbox sized, one room affair whose main attractions are small quartets and quintets of the "knock yourself out" variety. If you like to drink with loud music and louder voiced musicians, the Casino will fill the bill nicely. Otherwise, throw your money away somewhere else.

For the more privileged of us with

(Continued on page 24)







# Spirits Should Come in Bottles

by Edwin Barton Wachtel

You probably won't believe this story. I hardly believe it myself. Yet I know it's true and I swear it actually happened to me, fantastic and screwy as it sounds. I still shake when I think of it and I've been hitting the bottle to forget. Liquor helps but the nightmare sometimes even penetrates the uneasy fog that bourbon presses over the mind. That's why I have to write this story. If somebody will read and believe it I'll know that I'm not going crazy and I haven't been seeing or hearing things. I swear it's true!

It all happened last November. I had just got out of the cooler where I had been breezing through a short thirty day stretch for vagrancy. The warden was a nice guy and I used to win enough money playing gin with him to keep me well supplied with booze. When they finally released me I figured I'd hop a freight for Chicago where I could maybe look up one of the boys and get started in some racket for the winter. I was getting a cup of Joe at the local beanery while waiting for the twelve o'clock freight to come in. The place was stuffy and I was just ready to go out and breathe in a few lungfuls of the clear air outside when I met The

Swami. He was a little bit of a guy, no more than five foot two with one of those classy little pointed beards on his chin and bright rat like eyes. I must have stared at him because he noticed my gaze and smiled at me. He had yellowish teeth and when he smiled his face wrinkled up and he looked like one of those pictures you see in Sunday school books of the devil. I nodded at him and headed for the door. The air outside was as fresh and cold as an icicle. The stars were out by the trillions and they gave the whole world a friendly look. I started for the freight yards and while I walked I thought of that funny little man with the Satanic grin.

I pulled a ciggy from the pack that the warden gave me as a farewell present and felt for a match to light it with. It bitched me not to find one left in the pack. There was a fellow leaning against the wall and I started over intending to ask him for a light. Something about his build made me hesitate, but hell a light's a light and I really needed that weed right now. I moseied over to him and asked if he had a light. He nodded and I tried to place his face but the shadow of the wall did a good job of hiding the features. He drew out a match and lit it. In the blaze I recognized him. It was that same little guy I saw in the beanery and he was looking at me with those bright eyes and leering grin. I must have jumped a foot when I saw that face. He saw my startled look because he spoke up in a voice that sounded like a cat's purr more than anything else. "Did I startle you Steve?" Well that just about did it: how did he know my name was Steve? Those stars didn't make the night friendly anymore and the briskness in the air suddenly became chil-

ling sending little men running up and down my spine. My feet felt like they wanted to start stepping in another direction but there was something in those bright little eyes that made me stand rooted to the ground. I just stood there for about five minutes and he was there and I could feel those eyes looking at me and in me. Finally I managed to stammer out "How d-d-did y-y-you know my n-n-name is S-S-Steve?" or some reasonable facsimile. The voice purred back. "I know a lot about you Steve, know who you are, what you are, where you've been and where you're going." My curiosity overcame my fright at this point and I managed to put some disbelief in my voice. "Yeh! Ya don't say." I could feel those eyes grow brighter and I could feel them dart right through my body drawing out the contents of my mind like dirty wash being taken from a laundry bag and thrown on the floor. I was good and scared at this point and I wished that I was back in that nice warm jail.

"How would you like a job, Steve?" asked the shadow near the wall.

Now I could think of nothing I'd enjoy less than working for that mad man with the rat eyes, but though my mind was shrieking, "get the hell out of here" my voice pulled a fast one and I heard it answer, to my complete bewilderment, "A job's a job, what's the gimmick?"

"I am a spiritualist, I need an assistant with a strong back and a closed mouth. You'll do. The job pays fifty dollars a week."

This was some apples, a little maniac that I never saw before and who knew my name was offering me a job in his racket at fifty per. I'd rather



spend the winter in the clink than work for that joker though—Those shiny eyes—ugh.

My voice answered "You just hired yourself an assistant."

"Excellent" came the little guy's voice, as smoothly as oil flowing over velvet. "I am called the Swami . . ."

Sometimes you can get yourself caught like a fly in a spider web so that the more you fight to escape the more tightly enmeshed you become. That's how I felt when I first went to work for the Swami. Christ, that dammed butt. If I didn't want that match that time, it seems a century ago. I wouldn't be sitting here in this cheap hotel room waiting for those footsteps in the hall and that knock on the door. But that's getting ahead of myself.

I went to work for the Swami, not knowing why, not caring why. He wasn't a bad boss, as bosses go. But the racket he was in was the screwiest that I've ever come across. The Swami was one of those characters called mediums who prey on fat old ladies with a bank roll to match their waistline. My task was simple enough. I was the all around handy man. I did everything from sweep the floors to impersonating the voice of Lady Witherspoon's late lamented old man. The more I saw of the Swami the less impressed I was by him. In the daytime those rat eyes faded and were more shifty than penetrating. His withered, yellow skin made the pointed beard seem as out of place as Hitler in Heaven and the devilish appearance he had that first night was replaced by a very plain, very ordinary look. In short, the Swami was just another faker. I've seen thousands of them in Chicago and New York—they run a perpetual rat race against the law and eventually they all slip up and end in the river, in jail or in some two bit flop house, drunk. I saw the phoney way he made ghosts out of luminous gauze, the way he caused table rappings with his big toe, and the way he made tables to raise and all of the other skullduggery

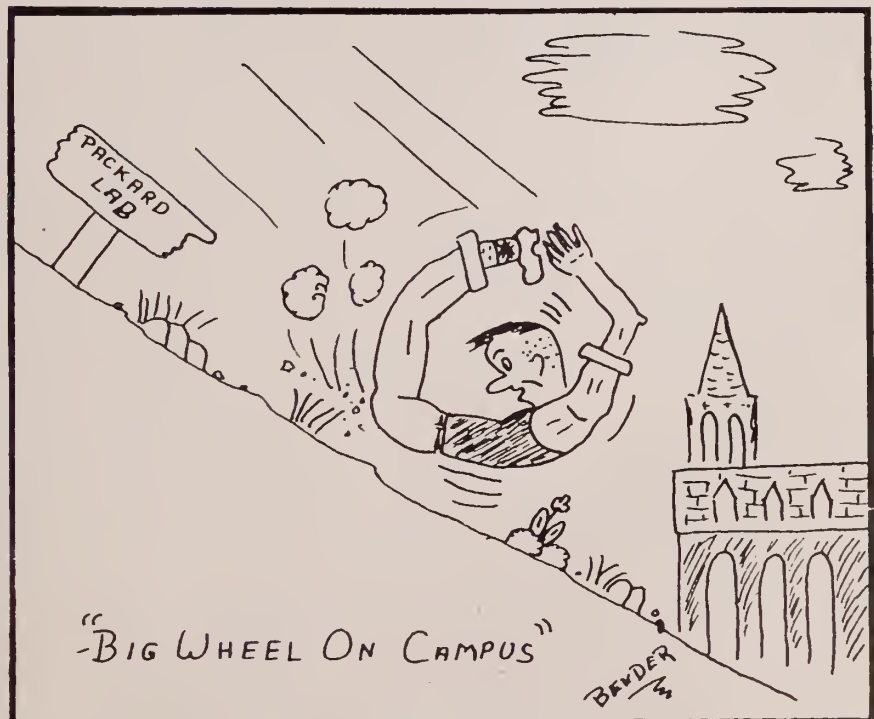
required to scare the palsy faced dames out of their wits, and pocket books. It wasn't a bad racket, as rackets go. The little guy had something about him that was mysterious under a blue light and that silken voice must have given the old bimbos some sensuous memories. The dough came in fairly well and the Swami never missed a payment on my salary. Soon the snow would melt from the ground, the air would feel soft against the face again and I could hit the road with the lilacs in my nostrils and my heart looking for its other part. The part that I realize ain't there everytime I hear a train's whistle or a boat's horn. I was getting tired of that sprawling house on the outskirts of Chicago we were operating in. I hated the musty smell that reminded me of a mausoleum. The dark corridors were good for impressing the suckers of the mystery of the supernatural but I didn't like it. I didn't believe in ghosts but at night I'd lay awake in my room and the rattling of the shutters and creaking walls made the wind seem like a voice of the dead. I wanted to get out on the open road where everything

is alive and where even phoney spirits conjured by the sleight of hand and gadgets of the Swami wouldn't seem to lurk in every dark corner. . . . .

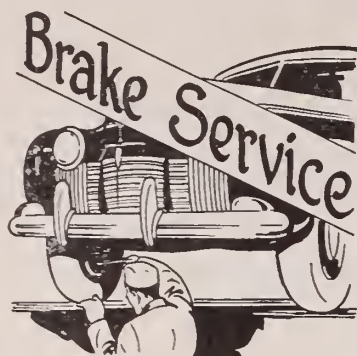
I was happy then, with a few bucks in my pocket and the thought of spring and freedom playing around in my mind. Looking back in retrospect it seems damned ironic. Fate has a funny way of teasing those that it entangles. It's like floating down a fast stream on a raft, with fate being the stream and the raft the present. Fate will hurl you tantalizingly close to the shore and safety but just when your fingers are closing over the branches she'll put out into the center of the stream again with the roar of the falls ahead growing in your ears. The branches of the shore were near but I was tossed away from them one night in February.

When the Swami came up to me after supper with that thick leather book under his arm, I didn't realize what was in the book or that the fantastic events that were to follow could exist anywhere but in the mind of the author of a dime store amazing story. The Swami's eyes had that

(Continued on page 16)







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"Any nice girls in this town?"  
"Sure, they're all nice"  
"How far to Bethlehem?"  
—*Voo Doo*

\* \* \*

It isn't age that makes us sensible  
but the lack of strength for raising  
hell.

\* \* \*

REPORT MAN FOUND IN WO-  
MAN'S DEATH.—Journal American.  
Quick, Henry, the anatomy book.  
—*Varieties*

\* \* \*

"Evesdropping again," said Adam  
as his wife fell out of a tree.



"Thish match won't light."  
"Wash the matter with it?"  
"Damfino. It lit all right a minute  
ago."

\* \* \*

And then there's the one about the  
trapeze artist who caught his wife in  
the act.

—*Log*



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O P E N E V E N I N G S



# SURFACE NOISE

BENNY GOODMAN

*Lonely Moments*

*Whistle Blues*

The first side features the usually fine clarinet playing of the King of Swing. He again displays the fine technique, clean tone and ideas that have kept him near the top of the swing and jazz field for the last ten years. *Lonely* is a mood piece written and scored by Mary Lou Williams in modern, complex harmonic style. Benny again uses the clarinet against tom-toms solo style that has stood him so well. It is one of Goodman's better records.

*Whistle Blues*, also by Mary Lou, is a light jump tune with a novel twist. However, in spite of a good Benny solo, the record tends to become monotonous as they overdo the whistling. The disc will probably attract millions of nickels into Mr. Wurlitzer's gift to the music world. (Capitol 374)

WILL BRADLEY-RAY McKINLEY

*Boogie Woogie Album*

For those of you who missed, or for those of you whose copies have gone into the recent scrap drive, here are all the Bradley-McKinley eight-beat sides that made such a mark in the musical world. The familiar sides such as *Beat Me Daddy*, *Scrub Me Mama*, *Down The Road Apiece*, etc. are included in the album.

Every complete record collection should include this large-band example of commercial boogie as done by one of the few bands who ever converted, successfully, a solo piano art to full band orchestration. (Columbia Album C-123).

PEGGY LEE

*Swing Low Sweet Chariot*

*Speaking of Angels*

Another Peggy Lee vocal accompanied by hubby Dave Barbour, gui-

tar, and his fine little studio band spots, on the first side, fine piano figures behind a quick-tempoed vocal start. The finish features an echo chamber effect that is used to good advantage for a change.

The flipover stars Peggy in her smoothest style. In the background flute and trombones combine to continue the mood. All in all, a very pretty ballad prettily sung and played. (Even with flutes!) The hardest thing about rating Peggy Lee records is deciding if it is Peggy or the band that is so wonderful. They are both that good and that indivisible. (Capitol 375)

KID ORY AND HIS JAZZ BAND

*New Orleans Jazz Album*

This album demonstrates the variety of influences that went into New Orleans jazz. And that New Orleans jazz is the background of all forms of jazz and swing today. *Eh, La Bas* and *Creole Bo Bo* were sung and played around the Crescent City and show the influence of the simple folk-songs of the Creoles. These tunes are sung by Ory in his native French patois.

In *Eh, La Bas*, he sings about his cousins who love to drink wine and eat pork and rabbit gumbo until they are sick. *Creole Bo Bo* is about a little boy whose exasperated mama and papa take down his *culottes* and apply a slipper despite his protests: "Ay, ya-ay, I love you both" which are followed by "Ay, ya-ay, you're hurting me!" Both sides are charmingly sung and have an intimate air.

The parade style of New Orleans brass bands turned a French quadrille into a jazz tune, that has since been done, and recorded by everyone from Ted Lewis and Guy Lombardo to Kostelanetz. Here it is done by the men who first played it thirty years ago, and it comes out purely as an authentic New Orleans stomp. Of course, we refer to the famous *Tiger Rag*.

*Bucket Got A Hole In It* (And We Can't Get No Beer) is a traditional barrelhouse and honky-tonk tune that has been played for years under many names even tho it has never been written out. *The World's Jazz Crazy* and *Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home* are the two best sides in the album and illustrate perfectly that New Orleans jazz can be played softly and still be wonderful.

*Farewell To Storyville*, a modern song from the picture, New Orleans, which features Louis Armstrong, Ory and several men of his band, is the demonstration of the vocal blues of the New Orleans style.

From the spirituals came the blues and *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* is an illustration of an authentic band playing their own music.

The musicians of the band are: Ory, who has a long history in jazz which dates back past his work with Armstrong in the late 20's, plays trombone; Mutt Carey, who, in 1921, made the first records by a Negro band, had given up music until Ory assembled his band in '41 at the request of Orson Welles for his radio show, plays trumpet; Barney Bigard, who started in New Orleans and spent seventeen years with Ellington, plays clarinet; Minor Hall, Buster Wilson, Bud Scott and Ed Garland are the rhythm section.

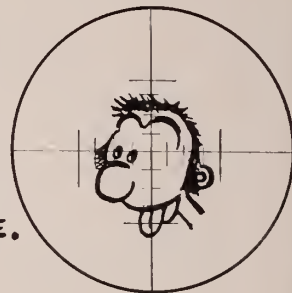
by EDWIN LEET

and CARL KENDZIORA, JR.



# THE STORY OF H

- ① HOUSE PARTY IS SAID TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN 1870, WHEN A NINTH SEMESTER FRESHMAN NAMED QUADOWITZ BECAME CONSCIOUS OF GIRLS. QUADOWITZ PROPOSED AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL TO BE KNOWN AS "SOUSE PARTY," IN HONOR OF HIS UNCLE SOUSE.



②

THE IDEA BECAME QUITE POPULAR. IN FACT, QUADOWITZ WAS DAMN NEAR ELECTED PRESIDENT—UGH BUT TROUBLE LOOMED.



SPECULATORS FORESAW THE BUILDING OF RAILROADS TO BRING SWEET-HEARTS TO BETHLEHEM—AND LOST HEAVILY IN THE STOCK MARKET.

③



NATIVE GIRLS, OUTSIDE COMPETITORS TO POISON QUADOWITZ.

④



1870



# HOUSE PARTY

QUADOWITZ WAS GIVEN A VACATION  
SO HE'D HAVE TIME TO THINK OF A  
BETTER NAME THAN SOUSE PARTY. HE  
RETIRED TO A CAVE NEAR THE LOOKOUT  
WHERE—



HE IS STILL TRYING  
TO THINK OF A BETTER  
NAME.

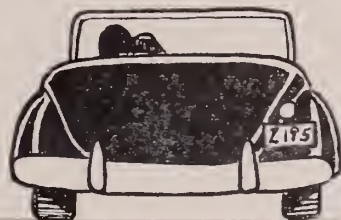
⑥



EVERY SEMESTER, DURING  
OBSERVANCE OF QUADOWITZ  
MEMORIAL WEEKEND—



URING  
, TRIED  
WITZ.



WE DRIVE TO THE LOOKOUT  
TO LOOK FOR QUADOWITZ.

⑦



1947





*One of the highspots of this weekend's schedule will be Saturday's Lacrosse game with Rutgers. The mustachioed stalwarts pictured above were among Lehigh's earliest athletes. Modestly proclaiming their prowess, these lads had much in common with today's squad, who underneath their brown jerseys are still . . . .*

## BOYS WITH BENT TENNIS RACKETS

*by Morgan Miller*

Brooklyn was the first stop I made on this field trip I took for a course I am struggling through called Irrelevant 269. There I was on Flatbush Avenue with my clip board and the sixty-four cent question. I stopped one of the inhabitants of this charming village and posed the question: "Do you know what is the oldest organized sport in America?" My victim looked at me with a puzzled expression and began assuring me that "of course da Dodgers will win da pennant even if Leo ain't wit em no more and naturally baseball is de oldest game hecause da Dodgers been playin' dere in Ebbetts Field since I was a kid and nobody else ain't been playin' dere dat long!"

Not wishing to completely depend

on this gentleman. I continued my field trip. In Forest Hills, Long Island, I was informed that tennis was the oldest sport. In Saratoga Springs, New York, a gentleman with a slouch hat, a cigar and a little magazine called "The Racing Form" almost had me convinced that horse racing—the sport of kings—was the oldest sport until he wangled two dollars from me to prove his case. My horse lost and this chap failed to make his point. In Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, I stopped a fellow coming out of the Lehigh Tavern, asked him my question and got an answer something like this: "Is youse a Lehigh student? Well don't he askin' me no stupid questions. Youse know very well wrestling is the oldest sport. Think

of how long people been wrestling with each other." In Montreal, Canada, it was hockey. In Miami Beach, Florida, it was dog racing. Football, tennis, basketball, horse racing, golf—one chap from that small school in Easton, Pennsylvania, even told me "smooching" was the oldest sport but I haven't been able to find out what that means.

Well, I was about ready to give up when I met an old Indian standing out in front of a cigar store. In sheer desperation I asked him the question and he told me the Six Nations tribes of the Iroquois used to play a game called "baggataway" here in America long before Columbus landed at San Salvador in 1492. The Iroquois Confederation, he went on to say,



adopted the sport as a training measure for war. However when the French came along the game underwent many changes making it very much less severe. The French also changed the name to Lacrosse because of the implement used in playing the game. This Indian had an honest face so I figured he must be telling me the truth. I decided to find out definitely what is the oldest organized sport in America so I wrote to the "We Write Your Theme Corporation" in Philadelphia and for only twenty-five dollars they confirmed everything this Indian had told me. I sent them another twenty-five dollars and they explained the game to me.

There are twelve players on each team designated as follows: goal-keeper; point, cover point; first, second, and third defense; center; third, second, and first attack; outside home; inside home. When the referee gives the signal, the two centers, each with his back to his own goal,

standing in the center of the field (100 to 130 yards long and usually 80 yards wide), draw their crosses sharply apart in order to gain possession of the ball. The ball may be kicked or struck with the crosse but only the goal keeper may handle the ball and then only to block it. The object of the game is to send the ball, by means of the crosse, through your opponents goal as many times as possible in the two thirty minutes of playing halves.

Lacrosse was started at Lehigh in 1885 and until 1932 was continued on an Intercollegiate basis. In 1888, the Engineers became charter members of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association. 1890, 1893 and 1895, were big years for Lehigh Lacrossemen for during those years the Big Brown Lacrosse teams were Intercollegiate Champs.

During the "roaring twenties" it was not an infrequent sight to see Taylor Stadium crowded to capacity with thousands of fans eagerly watch-

ing the Lehigh men subdue an opponent. Such teams as Stevens Tech, University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore College, New York Athletic Club, Rutgers College and the nefarious Lafayette College went down to defeat at the hands of the Engineers. Teams came from near and far to match skills with the Lehigh stickmen. In 1925, the Canadian Champions from Toronto visited Taylor Stadium and after a very close match proved to be too much for the Engineers, the final score being 3 to 1 in favor of the visitors.

It might be noted in closing that Lafayette College is no longer on the Lehigh Lacrosse schedule. Perhaps when we look at the results of games played since the beginning of the traditional rivalry, we can find an explanation. Of seventeen games played, Lehigh has won eleven. Thus we see that once again Lafayette had met her master and rather than admit defeat she chose to omit Lehigh from her Lacrosse schedule.

Then there is the professor who dreamt he was lecturing to his class and woke up to find he was.

\* \* \*

"I never saw you smoking a cigar before."

"I just picked it up."

\* \* \*

Rastus had been arrested for the third time on a charge of drunkenness. Brought before the judge, he muttered something that sounded like an oath.

"Repeat that!" demanded the judge.

"I didn't say nuthin', Judge."

"You did say something and I want you to repeat it!"

"All I says was, 'God am de Judge, God am de Judge.'"

### I'M FED UP WITH . . .

Insist on using phrases whose  
Gross lack of ingenuity  
Show that their writers often choose  
With utter promiscuity.

The words "It can be simply shown  
That such and such is very true"  
Make students tear their hair and  
groan  
Because the "showing's" up to you!

One more cliché employed by them  
So much that it has worn a groove  
And from which many headaches stem  
Is "Students readily can prove."

I realize that paper's scarce  
That printer's ink is hard to find  
But if that's all an author cares  
About his reader's state of mind,  
To hell with him and with his book—  
I'll pay attention in class hereafter.

—Al Rubinstein

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## SPIRITS SHOULD COME IN BOTTLES

(Continued from page 9)

brightness that they had the first night I met him but I didn't think anything of it. I thought perhaps he had been hitting the bottle but I couldn't in my wildest dreams imagine what lay behind that gleam in those black eyes.

Usually the Swami spoke only in instructing me in the use of a spirit cabinet or to give me an order. That night, however, he was in an extremely talkative mood that I attributed to the bottle. Liquor is a wonderful thing. Actions can be written after it that otherwise would cause excessive wasted energy in thinking. The Swami boasted to me of the book, a very old, very valuable manuscript that he had bought at an auction sale. The book was written in England in the middle ages and it was on spiritualism as it existed then. I thought that the book contained the usual tricks

that made the suckers believe, so I was neither interested nor impressed when the little guy said he was going to attempt a very special effect that he had learned in the book.

That night we went into the big drafty living room and got ready to practice the special effect. I never did like that living room and liked it even less than usual when we put out all of the lights except for one oil lamp burning on the Swami's table. I was standing in a corner shivering because of the drafty room and I gueses because I was a little scared. The Swami was standing over the light and he looked as mysterious as he did that first night I met him. He was muttering something with his eyes closed. Suddenly he pulled some kind of powder out of his pocket and sprinkled it on the fire. There was a blinding flash of light that made me shut my eyes. I smelled an odor that made me want to hold my nose. It smelt almost like burning flesh. I

opened my eyes and looked over at the Swami. He was all flushed and he looked as batty as a loon. "Did you see it? Did you see it?" he screeched. "See what?" I answered wondering what we were referring to. "There it is, in back of you, you must see it," he rasped.

I felt an icy finger dart through my heart and afraid of what I would see, yet even more afraid of not seeing it, I turned slowly about. Oh brother, I saw it all right, standing right in back of me and shining in the dark. It was shimmering there and I could feel the cold of death being radiated from it. My heart was thumping wildly and my knees were knocking together like nobody's business. It was a pale blueish something that glowed in the dark. It looked agelessly old and the shape of a man was barely discernible. This must be another trick, I thought to myself. I'm too old to believe in ghosts, it must be another bit of the Swami's

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## SPIRITS SHOULD COME IN BOTTLES

fakery. I turned to the old boy and asked, "What's the gimmick this time?" He didn't answer; he was just staring at the thing and breathing hard. I didn't like the look that he had on his face. It was wild and flushed. I asked again, "This gadget will wow the old broads, how'd you do it?" He just stood there and stared at the thing and I noticed foam at the corner of his mouth. I didn't like the look on his face and I didn't like that gizmo in the corner and I didn't like this house or this job. I turned heel and walked out of the room, went up to my room and locked the door behind me.

Packing my things was a simple affair. Just a toothbrush, some underwear, socks and my other shirt. I threw them into a bag and made ready to leave in the morning. I wasn't hanging around this place any longer. Not with a mad man and a thing running around the corridors. I didn't get much sleep that night. I heard moaning that wasn't the wind and chains clanking that couldn't be passed off on creaky shutters. I just pulled the covers over my head and tried very unsuccessfully to grab a few winks.

Along about dawn the noises stopped. By that time I wasn't thinking about sleep any more, only about getting away from this place. I grabbed my things, unlocked the door and snuck down the hallway. The Swami owed me a week's pay but I didn't want to see him again so bad that it was worth the dough not to. No such luck. I saw the old boy again and how I did! He was lying on the living room floor and he was pretty damned dead. His face was distorted with a look of horror surpassing any looks I have ever seen before. There were no marks on his body, just the look of having glimpsed hell before dying. I remembered the thing and my feet started to move towards the door. They didn't stop moving until

(Continued on page 18)

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## SPIRITS SHOULD COME IN BOTTLES

(Continued from page 17)

I was miles down the road.

In Chicago I got myself a couple of pints and a hotel room. I was going to drown the memory of what I had seen. Now when I go on a bat I like to do it to music so I hired a radio and started playing it and drinking. I had barely warmed my tonsils, much less drowned my memories, when the news came on. All the time I worked in that house I was cut off from the world so I decided to listen and find out if Uncle Sam and Joe were still buddies. Well that's when I found out. The police found the Swami's stiff and pinned the rap on me. That started me to shaking. I had a police record. The thing that killed the boss would never end up in a police line up, and I was a perfect fall



guy. The coppers like guys like me to take the rap; it makes them look like they solved the murder. Nobody would believe my story about a ghost. I don't even know if I believed it myself or not. My first impulse was to run. Hell, I've been running from life long enough. I don't believe in fate but there it was. My fate was to pay for a murder I didn't commit. What's the use of running from it? They'd get me eventually anyhow.

So here I sit waiting for the rap on the door and the tough detective with the hard knuckles. I'm waiting for the damp jail and the forced confession. I'm waiting for the short trial and that long last walk. Well, I can still have that last drunk. See you in the newspapers!

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# American College--Pre War

by Edward Levine

Mrs. Perkins had just sent her boy to college.  
 Mrs. Perkins expected great things from her boy.  
 Someday he'd be a big man.  
 He'd smoke twenty-five cent cigars, own two Cadillacs,  
 buy clothes at Brooks Brothers.  
 Maybe someday he would even have ulcers like all the  
 important movie executives.  
 Mrs. Perkins knew there was no end to what a college  
 education could accomplish.

★ ★ ★

Sam, Mrs. Perkins' boy, was eager to go to college.  
 There were lots of things he could do as a college boy.  
 He could buy clothes in the university shops of men's  
 stores.  
 He could give anything he did the old college try.  
 He could get drunk and stay out all night with girls.  
 Sam never thought of going to college to be his moth-  
 ers' great man.  
 Sam wanted to have fun.  
 At college Sam made many friends.  
 They were not good friends.  
 One was Professor Beckenbow of the English Depart-  
 ment.

Professor Beckenbow was in a great dilemma because  
 of his intense admiration for both Edgar Allan  
 Poe and Oscar Wilde.

Another of Sam's friends was Vic Higginbotham.  
 Vic started Sam off in undergraduate life.  
 He introduced Sam to all the girls in his black book  
 from A to M.

Sam's friends were definitely not of the highest calibre.  
 Through Professor Beckenbow, Sam joined the school  
 magazine.

Sam wanted to join very much.  
 He heard they told dirty jokes at the meetings.  
 Through Vic Higginbotham, Sam met Mimi Latouche.  
 Mimi was very nice.

Every week-end for two months they got drunk to-  
 gether.  
 Then Mimi jilted Sam.  
 He later heard she had eloped with the Professor of  
 Ethics.

Sam did not like having his fun spoiled.  
 He wrote an article for the school magazine damning  
 Ethics professors.

Not content with that, he damned women named Mimi.  
 Then in a fit of magnanimity Sam damned everything:  
 the college, the city, the country, the social system.  
 The editor of the magazine received the story well.  
 He thought it was a critical essay on the Hell of Dante's  
 "Divine Comedy."

The day after the magazine appeared, Sam was sum-  
 moned before a faculty board.

The board was composed of the three most eminent  
 professors in the school.

They wanted Sam to explain certain indiscretions in  
 his article.

The chairman of the board was Doctor Demijohn.  
 Doctor Demijohn was a mathematician of no mean pro-  
 portions.

He had brought the use of the slide rule to its highest  
 point of perfection.

Doctor Demijohn figured everything on the slide rule.  
 He had had particular success with Ethics and Logic.  
 With his slide rule the Doctor could easily spot the  
 undistributed middle term of a syllogism.  
 Doctor Demijohn was indeed a wizard.

★ ★ ★

Doctor Demijohn had consulted his slide rule after  
 reading Sam's story.

Using the Pythagorean theorem and squaring the re-  
 sults by 3.14 on the rule, he had found that Sam's  
 story was ethically unsound.

Later the Doctor found he had misplaced a demical  
 point.

Professor Fracknoe was another member of the board.  
 The professor's mien was proud and stately.  
 So proud and stately, in fact, that it made one forget  
 the soup and gravy spots all over his vest.

The fact that he had read all of Zane Grey's novels made  
 him an authority on English Literature.

His literary opinion was highly regarded.

Professor Fracknoe's only remark about Sam's story  
 was that it was trash.

Professor Fracknoe never did say much.

He just sat around and let his mien look proud and  
 stately.

★ ★ ★

Professor Snodgrass was the third member of the  
 Board.

He objected to the language in Sam's story.

He especially objected to the one and two syllable  
 Anglo-Saxon words that were sprinkled liberally  
 throughout the story.

The Professor thought they were not good words.

They weren't bad though; they were merely obscene.

Sam could not properly explain all his indiscretions to  
 the Board.

The professors' questions irritated him.

He didn't know what a split infinitive was.

He didn't know fifteen reasons for the ethical prohibi-  
 tion of free love.

He didn't even know the title of Zane Grey's first novel.

Finally Sam damned the professors in the same way  
 he had damned Mimi and the Ethics professor.

The meeting ended in a free-for-all.

The next day Sam found he was no longer connected  
 with the school.

His college days were over.

Mrs. Perkins was very sad when she heard about Sam's  
 expulsion.

How would Sam ever become a great man without a  
 college education?

Mrs. Perkins wrestled endlessly with this problem.

Sam did not bother with it at all.

Sam did not bother with much of anything anymore.

All he did was sit in a big, comfortable chair and day-  
 dream.

Sam dreamed of Mimi, Vic, Professor Beckenbow, the  
 magazine—

College was terrific.

There was no place like it for making real whoopee.

jYGGGiGGr13456123456123456



# A SCIENTIFIC TREATISE

Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation which states that each particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them was the foundation for the vast amount of research which culminated in this report.

Mathematically stated the law is:

$$SG = \frac{M_p F_p}{d^2}$$

where SG is the sensuous gratification of such a delightful situation

$M_p$  is the male particle

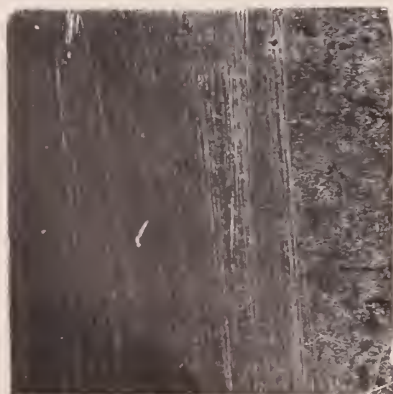
$F_p$  is the female particle

$d$  is the distance

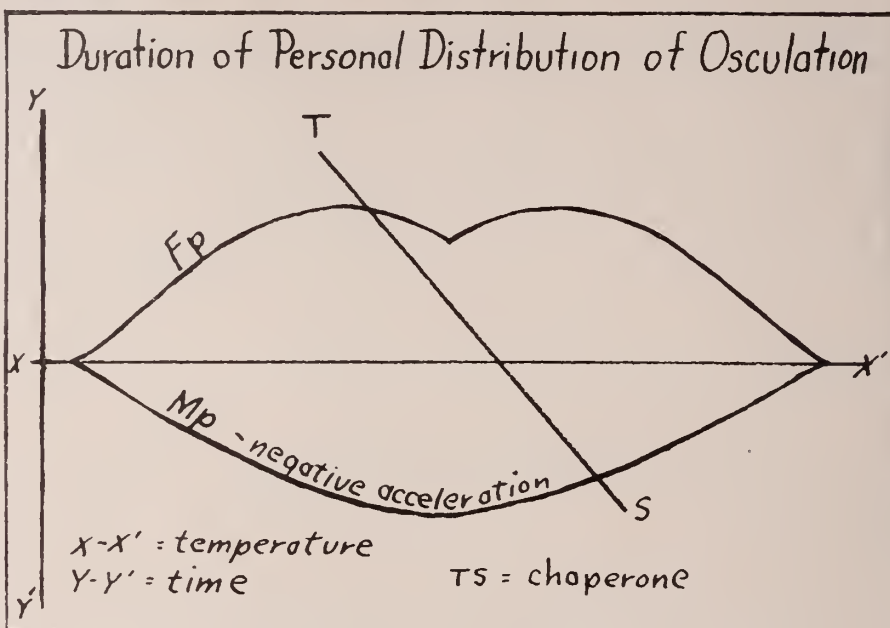
Now it is a well known fact among Lehigh men that the distance factor of this basic formula is the most important if not at times the most exasperating factor in juxtaposition. So let us delve in our data and discover what can affect the distance between male and female particles.

Distance tends to vary directly with illumination expressed in candlepower, except when the source of candlepower is Lunar (1). Lunar has been throwing a monkey wrench

Figure 1



Light Values for Perfect Osculation



in our experimentation for some time and so it is necessary to do much more research at our Moravian laboratory under full Lunar conditions. Much can be said about illumination. More can be done about it. Never-

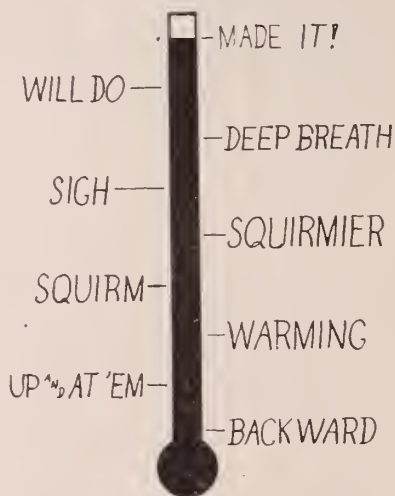
all kinds of  $F_p$  particles. Blonde  $F_p$  particles have an affinity for this sort of a catalyst which is a phenomenon almost unbelievable.

The Goblet (one group of local scientists who have done much to foster research along these lines) has gone so far as to produce a table of light values which tend to give the desired results. (Fig. 1) We recommend experimentation under varying conditions and suggest the following light values only as being the most efficient with 99.9% of all the  $F_p$  particles.

Much work has been done with osculation in a combustion calorimeter (2) and much remains to be done. Our findings would indicate that osculation is a highly exothermic reaction. Before the reaction can proceed to completion however, the  $F_p$  particles must be raised above their normal temperature of 98.6 degrees.

Bluebeard, who was a most extraordinary scientist, made a startling discovery (later verified by Tommy Manville) that the hotter these  $F_p$

Figure 2



Temperature Sensitivity

theless at this early stage, we do know that  $d$  is a function of G.E.

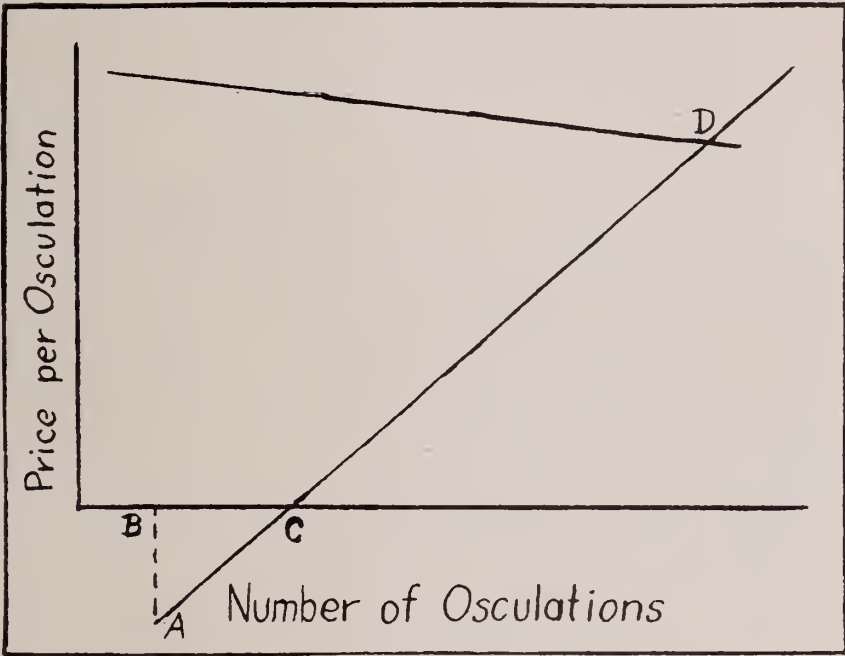
We also know that a convertible acts as a wonderful catalytic agent in producing the desired reaction—in fact the specified catalyst will attract



Everyone is doing some kind of research these days. Millikan is at Cal Tech, Einstein is at Princeton, and the men of Lehigh are at every girls' school in the East.

All too often the results of research are written in papers too technical and too meaningless to the average man. We, too, have been at research, and we unlike others, want our research to be thoroughly understood by all.

We shall, therefore, endeavor to present the data in a pleasing fashion free from confusing technical terms, dubious formulae, misleading Latin phrases and the stilted language so common to those who matriculated in that era when a leg was a limb.



- AC—Those Fp particles who will pay to osculate.
- ABC—Those Fp particles who will osculate for nothing.
- CD—Those Fp particles (and the majority of Fp particles fit in here) who will osculate after huge sums have been spent on them corsage, beer, dance, wine, tux, whiskey, car, etc.
- D—The selling price of osculations which is too damned high.

(This graph was compiled by Wheels Smothers who is South Mountain's Coordinator of Osculations)

OSCULATION DEMAND AND SUPPLY \*

particles get the less resistance they offer. (Fig. 2) Hundreds of graphs were made from these various temperature experiments. The results were gratifying and confirmed our temperature theory beyond the shadow of an atom. The very nature of our work keeps us from disclosing too much. (The Russians, you know, are interested in our Osculation Research Program.)

Much has been written about the behavior of the Fp particles. However the Mp particles are of equal importance, and are in fact, generally more active, as may be seen by the relationship:

$$E = \frac{Fp + Mp}{Tl} \quad pC$$

in which E is enjoyment. Tl is the thickness of lipstick, and pC represents the function of the chaperone.

Another formula found to be valuable in our research was the standard  $d = rt$ , where:

- d is how far can you go
- r is how well you rate
- t is the time you are making

Currently, results obtained from this research project have been, for the most part, too inconclusive for the formulation of definite hypotheses. Therefore, in an attempt to definitely prove the theories forwarded by members of the Osculation Re-

search Program, Lehigh has turned its campus into one vast experimental laboratory, and thrown it open to hordes of guinea pigs.

Lured to South Mountain by promises of a mythical Spring houseparty, these unsuspecting Fp particles will, in reality, be playing an unknowing role in the search for scientific truth. It is hoped that after this weekend, when all field project reports have been submitted, and the results tabulated, Lehigh can write the successful conclusion to one of its major research problems—Operation Osculation.

1. Known to some scientists as the moon. 2. 1934 Ford





1. ....



2. ....



4. ....



3. ....

### TO THE WOMEN . . .

This weekend your Lehigh guy is liable to resemble a cross between an Esquire fashion plate and a Continental clothes horse. But do you know how he looks during the 99% of the time time when you're not at South Mountain? Here are typical Lehigh men as they appear normally. Just to help you determine what your date really is here are the types depicted.

|                            |         |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Grind                      | Athlete |
| B.M.O.C.                   | Vet     |
| Wolf                       | Playboy |
| Seventeen year old senior. |         |



5. ....



6. ....



7. ....



**GOODBYE GIRLS!** *We hope you've had a nice time this week-end. Next fall there will be another houseparty at South Mountain. If you'd like to attend just fill out the questionnaire, tear off the top of your suitcase, and mail it with a check for \$87 (to cover handling costs) to the GOBLET, and we'll do the rest.*

**APPLICATION FOR A DATE WITH A LEHIGH UNDERGRADUATE**

Name ..... Phone No.....  
Last First Middle  
Address ..... City ..... State.....  
Race..... Height..... Weight..... Bust..... Waist.....  
Color of eyes (l) ..... (r) ..... Hair..... Blood Type ..... Complexion .....  
Age..... Present Health..... Other features.....

**I. FIGURE:**  
*Torso* (check yours)  
Sensational ( ) Frail .....( ) Enticing ..( )  
Good .....( ) Flat .....( ) Sweater girl ( )  
Fair .....( ) Rugged ... ( ) Hot .....( )  
*Legs* (check one if alike, two if different)  
Bow legs ..( ) Heavy Knock knees ( )  
Piano legs . ( ) thighs .. ( ) Flabby ... ( )  
Shapely ... ( ) Slender Muscular .. ( )  
Pigeon toes ( ) ankles .. ( )  
*Head*  
Number..... Shape.....  
*Nose* (check yours)  
Overall length ..... Ski slide .....( )  
Russian .....( ) Hockey hook ... ( )  
Roman .....( ) Banana .....( )  
Pug .....( )  
*Mouth* (check yours)  
Holland Tunnel .. ( ) Ear to ear .....( )  
Lost Cave .....( ) Inviting ... ..( )  
*Teeth*  
How many? ..... Yours? .....  
Do they get in the way?..... Do you bite?.....

**II. TYPE** (check yours; if two or more, check each)  
Heart Home type ( ) Passionate ( )  
breaker ... ( ) Serious ... ( ) Jealous ... ( )  
Gold Wallflower ( ) Talkative ... ( )  
Digger ... ( ) Sophistic-  
ated .... ( )

**III. GENERAL QUESTIONS:**  
Do you believe in sex?... Can you be educated?...  
Are you easily excitable?.....  
Do you dance?...How often?...How well?....  
Do you drink?...How much?...Do you smoke...

Do you neck?..... (If not forget the whole thing)  
Do your parents object your dating Lehigh men?...  
If so, why?..... If not, why not?.....  
Are you well-versed in the art of cooking?.....  
Do you have a sister?.....If so, how old?.....  
Do you have a big brother? Do you go to bed early?  
.....  
How late can you stay out?...How late after that?...  
Is your home a house?... Apartment ... Hotel? ...  
If living at home, indicate the exact location of the following:  
Parents' Bedroom .....  
Light Switch .....  
Refrigerator .....  
Nearest Exit .....  
What sports do you like best?.....  
What is your capacity for the following:  
Rye ..... Wood alcohol.. Lighter fluid ...  
Sterno ..... Scotch ..... Cokes .....  
Gin ..... Antifreeze ..... Beer .....  
Rum ..... Vodka ..... NaHCO3 .....  
What is the distance from your home to the nearest:  
Lovers' Lane .....  
Tavern .....  
Lehigh Campus .....  
Bus Depot .....  
Justice of the Peace ..... Name .....  
Do you have access to an automobile? .....  
If so, give make, year, condition .....

**IV. HEALTH STATEMENT:**  
Have you been vaccinated? .....  
For what? .....  
Have you had any diseases?...Have you recovered?..  
If not, are they contagious? .....

I swear that all above information is correct to the best of my ability.

.....  
Signature



## NEON NIGHTS

(Continued from page 7)

membership cards, the *Maennerchor* is a "must" on the nightly jaunt. Located underneath the Hill-to-Hill bridge, the Chor has long been a popular Sunday retreat against Pennsylvania Blue Laws. There, almost anything goes as enormous quantities of beer are consumed amid lusty *Trinklieder*. In this Munich beer hall environment, gaiety is the keynote, and a frolic-seeking stag can usually find a companion of the fairer sex to heighten his enjoyment of the evening.

Along into the night and a couple of cocktail shakers, one might get the idea to rub elbows with the bourgeoisie. In the alley behind the Hotel Bethlehem is a rather sinister looking place known at various times as the *Paramount*, the *Ship Ahoy*, the *Buck-*

*et of Blood*, the *Sea Weed*, and currently, the *Silver Moon*. Here we have the true Hollywood interpretation of a French apache den. The half-painted, half-plastered barroom features a dancefloor (?) and a four piece orchestra (?) playing unique music in a very unique style. Drinks are cheap, and Max, the owner-bartender, does not particularly care if you break a bottle over the head of another person. For something different, a visit to the *Silver Moon* is strongly recommended.

If you have a car, are still able to drive it, and desire further nightly diversion, the *Old Mill* and the *Green Pines Inn* are always available. The *Old Mill*, located on the Philadelphia Pike, offers a pseudo-rustic atmosphere, a band on Saturday night, and a weekday piano player with a singing waiter. The *Green Pines*, on

the back road to Allentown has a medium-sized dance floor, a fair orchestra, and as a word of warning, is usually packed to the rafters on Friday and Saturday nights.

Featuring a tired pianist, intimate atmosphere, and the illumination from which it derives its name is the Hotel Bethlehem's plush *Candlelight Room*, good for a quieter evening than usual. And while we're on the rounds we might as well mention *Thé Old Sun Inn* whose lack of entertainment may be compensated by the fact that George Washington is reputed to have slept there.

For the average man, the above-named places should be sufficient, but for those of you who will still desire something to quench your thirst, go East, go East and to Hell with that eight o'clock class.

Are you a  
*Llod maerd*\*



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

\* "Dream Doll" backwards



5¢

GOING...

GOING...

GOING...

Only a littlewhile left to pick up some of that dough that the GOBLET is flinging around. The big contest closes on May 15 at which time we're going to award:

**\$10 for the best short story**

**\$10 for the best humorous article**

**\$15 for the best entry submitted**

Address all entries to the GOBLET, Drown Hall, before May 15. The winners will appear in the Graduation Issue of the GOBLET which will hit South Mountain early in June.



## *Pre-Medical Major*

**A**LL too often the prominence of Lehigh University's College of Engineering overshadows curricula of the College of Arts and Science to such a degree that even undergraduates fail to appreciate opportunities available on their own campus. This has been true especially of courses leading to careers in medicine.

The preparation for schools of medicine offered by Lehigh University is of such high calibre that graduates find ready acceptance by medical colleges notably demanding in their requirements. The universally outstanding graduate record of Lehigh students in medicine through the year has merited this confidence.

In the fields of dentistry, public health, law, theology, journalism, public service, and teaching, the College of Arts and Science offers preparation either for graduate study or for practice of the profession concerned. Special options in business administration and engineering present further interesting possibilities for the student planning a career. For further information address The Director of Admissions, Alumni Memorial Building.



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